Addressed to the Honourable

CHARLES YORKE, Att. Gen.

By ROBERT ANDREWS,

Author of the

ENGLISH VIRGIL,

Dedicated to the Honourable

BOOTH GREY, Esq;

BIRMINGHAM;

Printed for the Author, by JOHN BASKERVILLE, and Sold by Mess^rs. JOHNSON & Co. Bookfellers, in Pater-Noster-Row, London.

MDCCLXVI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

Addressed to the Honourable

CHARLES YORKE, Att. Gen.

By ROBERT ANDREWS,

Author of the

ENGLISH VIRGIL,

Dedicated to the Honourable

BOOTH GREY, Esq;

BIRMINGHAM;

Printed for the Author, by JOHN BASKERVILLE, and Sold by Mess^rs. JOHNSON & Co. Bookfellers, in Pater-Noster-Row, London.

MDCCLXVI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

1346. c

ODES,

DEDICATED to the HONOURABLE

CHARLES YORKE, Esq;

By ROBERT ANDREWS,

AUTHOR of the

ENGLISH VIRGIL,

DEDICATED to the HONOURABLE

BOOTH GREY, Esq;

BIRMINGHAM;

Printed for the Author, by JOHN BASKERVILLE, and Sold by Messrs. JOHNSON & Co. Bookfellers, in Pater-Noster-Row, London.

MDCCLXVI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Shortly will be publiſhed in one Elegant Octavo Volume, Price 10s. ſtich'd in Blue Paper and 12s. Bound, his Tranſlation of Virgil with theſe Odes, and the three Letters of Acknowledgment to his honourable Patron, Subſcribers, and Critical Correſpondents as promiſed in his firſt Propoſals. In the mean Time they will be pleas'd to accept of this Edition of his Eſſays; which will be delivered by Meſſ. Johnſon and Co. Bookſellers in Pater-Noſter-Row, together with the firſt Edition of his Virgil to ſuch of his Subſcribers as have not yet received it.

46

9 4

24

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the H. CHARLES YORKE, Eſq;

SIR,

I had the Honour to be perſonally acquainted with a Name ever dear to you, the late Right Honourable Hugh Lord Willoughby of Parham: And if a cordial long and uninterrupted Friendſhip prove a Likeneſs of Diſpoſitions between the Parties; you are worthy to be the wiſh'd Patron of the conſcientious Muſe: One from whoſe Aſpect ſhe may catch Inſpiration; and may boldly draw the Lineaments of every Virtue Public and Private in fair and full Proportion. Preſuming on the Truth of that Maxim; and the more ſo, as amid all the Fluctuations of Government, You, Sir! in every Truſt have ſtill ſo ſteadily purſued, in Duty to your King and Country, the Courſe

of Integrity and Wiſdom plann'd out before you in the Lives of your diſtinguiſhed Anceſtors: And particularly of your late noble Father, whoſe great Abilities and Merit ever endear'd him to his King; and tho' gratefully venerated by his Country while he lived; by ſuch at leaſt as had an Ear open to the ſtill Voice of Wiſdom; yet if I miſtake not, will in future Times be found to have exceeded the Acknowledgments and Conceptions of his Cotemporaries: I crave the Honour of inſcribing to you theſe Eſſays in Teſtimony of the Eſteem and Veneration, with which I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant

Bridgnorth, Auguſt 5, 1766.

Rob^t. Andrews.

ODES.

The VISION.

YOU born beneath fair Freedom's well pois'd Scale
The genial ſtar of empire, ſcience, wealth,
Held ſteady in your GEORGE's gentle hand,
Britannia's Sons! Why quench your native fire?
Luſcious Romance, blind to that goodly Frame,
Frantic in viſionary Chaos hunts
Fame's ſhadow, fleeting as the paſſion fed.
Satyr on Objects as itſelf miſhap'd,
Nature's abortions, feaſting grins unbleſt
Fell Joy. Zeal aukward acts celeſtial airs,
Monopolizing bounds the ſov'reign Grace;
And vain Attempt! wou'd Thought's excurſive wing
Check, and enthrall in her own mazy depths:
Impenetrable gloom! where Myſt'ry gropes,
Nor once emerging baſks in radiant day.
What? Then have I no charms? No traces left
Of my prime likeneſs on Creation ſtampt?
Where wandring Fancy's gen'rous ardour glows,
Rapt in ſtill varying bliſs. This wide Expanſe

Of

Of Glory ſee! Where I, the Virgin-Nine,
Truth, and theſe Graces my unnumber'd Train,
Harmonious moving as the tuneful Spheres,
From yon our borrow'd light diffuſe on Souls
Elect; whom panting up th' immortal cliffs
My hand upholds. Their Guide reject you? Know
My Form inſpires, if human Fancy ſoar.
So ſaying ſprung majeſtic up the ſkies
Celeſtial Virtue. I in viſion heard;
Aw-ſtruck awak'd, obey'd, and ſtrung my Lyre.

MERCURY.

On loſing my Pocket MILTON

At LUSS near BEN LOWMAN, and other mountains.

LUSS! Be for ever ſunk beneath
Ben's horrours piled around!
Sun's livening ray ne'er pierce thy gloom!
Thy hideous deep be drain'd!
Fiſhes be turn'd t' infernal ſnakes!
Boatſwain to Cerberus!
Mouth of th' Avernian Gulf be thou!
Its mortal damp thy air!
All o'er thy plains Vulcanos thick
Their burning ſands diſgorge!

Birds

Birds never trill their ſwelling chaunt!
Nor roam the humming bee!
Herds never graze, nor ſheep nor goat!
Nor play the ſhepherd's lute!
Crags other echo ne'er repeat
Than diſmal Furies' yell!
Swift on a Morning-Ray then lo!
The airy ſandal'd God,
Mercury came, and ſmiling, I
Thy Pillow's Treaſure ſtole.
Milton no more be Fancy's Fount
Of Borrow'd Ecſtacies.
Phœbus ordain'd: preſenting ſee
The Laurel never ſear.

To Apollo.

THOU Tuner of the Spheres!
Sire of Nature, Fancy, Wit!
Chearing Fount of Lyric Fire!
Still raiſe, kind Apollo! the Muſe,

'Bove Doggrel, Farce, Romance,
Goths' harſh clatt'ring diſſ'nant Jars,
Tingling Chime of jingling Rhyme,
And Mercury's rallying Wand.

To Freedom and Art.

INSPIRER of my Soul!
Sweet immortalizing Power!
Source of Genius, Numbers, Truth!
Thou heavenly Freedom! deſcend.

Wide o'er thy Britiſh Iſle
Fraught with Emulation's fire,
Shed thy mighty ſpirit pure,
Thick burſting in ſhowers of ſpring.

And thou, my pencil guide,
Child of Nature! Eaſy Art!
Thou whoſe faithful mirrour ſhines,
Abſorb'd in her radiant light.

The Happy Muse.

HOW happy ſee the Bee!
Wide her empire! Taſte refin'd!
Free thro' unforbidden Sweets
How ranges melodious and gay!

In am'rous ſerenade
Dancing round the bluſhing Flower,
Looks, admires, enflam'd alights,
Embracing its ſpirit imbibes.

Yet

Yet happier the Muſe
Gay Anacreon diverts,
Tender Theocrite diſſolves,
And Pindar! thy numbers intrance.

How happy thro' the ſcenes
Nature! thou or Fancy drew,
Springing an intrepid flight,
Still varying at pleaſure her ſtrains.

With thee oh! might ſhe dwell,
Leiſure! in thy temple calm!
Thence wide Nature view and ſing;
Till burſting this corporal ſhell,

She ſpring up yon abodes:
Where with ever-blooming Joy
Radiant Virtue, Beauty, Truth,
And Friendſhip Angelic unite.

URANIA.

WHENCE this impatience fluttering in my breaſt!
This boiling blood as it wou'd burſt the veins?
This leaping heart? Theſe glowings? Guſhing eyes?
Sight how confus'd! how loſt! or how transform'd!

Matter refining into Thought. Thus you
Blind Thamyris! and blind Mœonides!
Nor laſt on Fame's interminable courſe
Bold Milton thou, Virtue's ſweet child ſublime!
On Fancy's wing who lately o'er th' immenſe
Of Nature's beauty, rangeſt now in heaven
On Thought intu'tive: thus too you intranc'd
In the celeſtial loſt your mortal ſight.
Theſe Forms how ſpringing from material things!
As roſe from Chaos that wide ſolar ſphere.
In thick proceſſion the ideal Train
Subſtantial, fair, divine, eternal, clear,
Fill beatific each diſtended power.
So rapt the ſoul in viſionary bliſs
Deign'd the Aonian Choir; and lower ſtill
Sweeping from South to North a round career
All over glowing fann'd me as they flew.
Not the parch'd, weary pilgrim, faint, alone,
Deſpairing, if his feeble eye diſmay'd
Wand'ring along the vaſt Arabian Sands,
Light on ſome fount, ſo chears the vital draught;
As that cool breeze your ſacred wings, ye Nine!
Wafted and ſprung aloft. My eye purſued
Ah! your too rapid glory: liſt'ning ear

Your

Your wondrous harmony: ſoon fixt in vain:
Ear firſt, then eye to grovelling earth confin'd
My infirmity upbraided. Penſive long
Sat I lamenting, Why ſo tranſient glance
Flaſh'd the kind Nine? Down ſunk my weary powers.
But ſoon from Sleep's dark troubled chaos wak'd.
For lo! deſcending Pindus' Queen alights,
And with mild air that ſtill'd my bluſhing fears:
Whom Virtue and prime Nature's Forms inſpire,
Our ſmiles deſert not. Their aſpiring Strains
O'er Earth wide floating thro' the fragrant air;
To Pluto's realm ſpread ſilence, awe, ſelf-hate:
And liſt'ning we our chorus oft ſuſpend;
Or catch your feebler notes, and ſwell aloft
Echoing, while central Phœbus ſmiling views
Glad vigour quick'ning his remoteſt ſpheres.
This cordial take. I drank. Urania flew.

To Bacchus.

OPPRESSING damps! Abortive wit!
Ye Muſes! Why thus tantalize?
Why give the wiſh? The power deny?
The flame poetic why inſpire?
But faint as kindled ſpirits' Blaze?
Deluſive ſplendour void of fire?

Now let me quench th' aſpiring pain!
Bacchus! in thy full flowing bowl,
And loſe ambition in delights.
'Tis loſt. But how? My heart enlarg'd
Beats uniſon to love and joy.
My intellectual powers expand.
Sweet Nectar pure! The Gods' delight!
Who drinking are immortaliz'd.
How my corporeal maſs refines!
Light as the ſpirit from the dregs,
Gladly I ſpurn the denſer air,
Aloft to Fancy's bleſt abodes.
Hail Bacchus! Thou celeſtial Form:
Genial Proportion not more juſt!
Majeſtic mien! As Joy ſerene!
Gait more harmonious than the ſpheres'!
What dignity each act diſplays!
How ſweetly every feature ſhines!
Comely as Health, or Hebe's bloom!
Thy delicate and graceful ſmiles
With thoſe of Virtue ſympathize:
Delighting ſtill in landſkips fair
Not ludicrous, romantic, vain,
Fit dainty of the grovelling wit.

This

This AEther no foul fumes obſcur'd,
While thou in juſt Aſtræa's reign
Cupbearer to th' immortal Gods,
Ere parricide deform'd the ſpheres,
Or limping Vulcan Thalia's ape,
And Mammon Phœbus' foe were born.
Thy ſcepter rules the mental realms!
And dipt in Nectar if it touch
Cold dulneſs, kindles into fire:
Fire beatific, pure, divine!
Inſpirer thou of generous thought!
Sire of wing'd Fancy and the Nine
Whom on Minerva's daughter thou
(Not on her image, Venus faln;
Curſe on infernal Comus' charms!
Who baſe pretender to thy name
Betrays his fire laſcivious Jove;)
On Beauty's ſelf begetting thou
Broughtſt to theſe regions: whoſe wide vault
Their birth-day celebrating now
What joy re-echoes! Oh! admit
Me to your Choir.

On Coelia.

AIRS ſo light, ſo vain, fantaſtic,
Change my Lyre! for gay and ſweet,
A bolder ſwell
To Venus ſacred.

Venus? But where th' ambiguous air,
Fatal lure and rack of love?
Broad rolling Eye and wiſhful Glance?
Death's fluſhing languiſh? Scornful frown,
Smoothing rueful into luſcious ſmiles.

Breathing herſelf that beauteous mould,
How than Venus more divine!
Her own eſſential Form, complete
As feeble mortal can behold,
Awful Virtue lovely there diſplays.

Fair as in virgin-prime her bloom!
Mingled delicacies glow
How ſweet! Her eye a ſparkling ſoul!
What noble, what attractive mien!
Native, free, all-beautifying graces!

Still

Still from her Guardian-Angel's Form
Draws her Geſture ſome new charm,
Reflecting faithful as thy bow,
Mild Iris! bluſhing from the Sun
Sheds the varying beauties on the ſight.

View'd in full theater, admir'd,
While in rapture all are fixt,
Her eye unconſcious on her Lord
Now ſmiles, and now his image dear,
Fruit and bleſſing of connubial love.

Such be your joys, ye Britiſh Fair!
Beauty Virtue think the ſame!
Endearing goodneſs ſhed around;
Yet yielding undivided heart
Bloom immortal in a lovely Race.

To Strephon.

AH! Strephon's tortur'd Heart
The Jealous Fiend poſſeſs?
Ingrate, if ſo unbleſt
E'en in a Cœlia's Charms.
Ere thou, I ſaw; admir'd:
My youthful Fancy oft,

In pleaſing Rapture loſt,
Snatch't Graces from her Eye:
Celeſtial Beauty learn't:
And own'd her mighty Sway.
Nor Friendſhip Cœlia diſdeign'd,
Immortal as the Gods,
Pure as the Flame they breathe,
And bleſt as Hymen's Joys.
My native Fancy poor
Inſpir'd by Cœlia ſung;
Dread Cœlia's critic Eye
Her wilder Rage controul'd;
And if kind Cœlia's Pulſe
Beat to my Strains Applauſe,
I live immortaliz'd.
In Cœlia's mortal Mould
Thee let her Faith embrace;
Me in her Angel-Form:
For Friendſhip never dies.
Forgive the Jocund Muſe.
Dear Strephon! Ever Yours.

To Adversity.

THOU awful Form Adverſe! Whoſe ſteady Rod
Impartial ſhakes o'er every mortal breaſt!
Hail gentle Angel! to thy radiant light,

And

And [illegible]
My [illegible]
Fixt on [illegible]
Blind joys ecſtatic? Golden [illegible]
Still on the wing t' imaginary bliſs,
Horizon-like ſtill flying as purſued.
My few Deſires, benignant Nature's brood,
Now granted pleaſe: yet this firm boſom calm
Denied aſſail not: taught what doubtful things
All mortal good and evil; either Both
As Wiſdom guides the ſoul, or Folly drives.
No mildew-terrours now my pleaſures blaſt:
Nor thy ſharp hand, erazing grateful ſenſe,
Cuts the ſtretcht nerves of enterprizing Hope.
Thro' grief's thick miſts with humble conſcience pure
Wing'd Faith pervades to the all-ruling Love:
That Sun eternal! whoſe ſtill faithful beams
Pierce tho' unſeen exhauſtleſs thro' the world.
Now ſmiles at tottering Fortune's drunken threats
My ſoul ſerene: yet o'er a brother's pains
Sweet pity ſheds relieving, or on high
Seated deſerying the immortal Dawns,
That to faith's ſtrengthen'd eye opes widening views
Of Nature's works. How ſimpleſs! How complete!
As their prime Author good, ſupremely fair!
Eternal, various, infinite, one whole.

In pleaſing Rapture loſt,
Snatch't Graces from her Eye:
Celeſtial Beauty learn't:
And own'd her mighty Sway.
Nor Friendſhip Cœlia diſdein'd,
Immortal as the Gods,
Pure as the Flame they breathe,
And bleſt as Hymen's Joys.
My native Fancy poor
Inſpir'd by Cœlia ſung;
Dread Cœlia's critic Eye
Her wilder Rage controul'd;
And if kind Cœlia's Pulſe
Beat to my Strains Applauſe,
I live immortaliz'd.
In Cœlia's mortal Mould
Thee let her Faith embrace;
Me in her Angel-Form:
For Friendſhip never dies.
Forgive the Jocund Muſe.
Dear Strephon! Ever Yours.

To Adversity.

THOU awful Form Adverſe! Whoſe ſteady Rod
Impartial ſhakes o'er every mortal breaſt!
Hail gentle Angel! to thy radiant light,

And

And for ning-grace. Whe[illegible]
My imagination, fond as the fluent-gaze
Fixt on Earth's unknown dissuading glories vain!
Blind joys ecstatic? Golden dreams? Young hopes,
Still on the wing t' imaginary bliss,
Horizon-like still flying as perfued.
My few Desires, benignant Nature's brood,
Now granted please: yet this firm bosom calm
Denied assail not: taught what doubtful things
All mortal good and evil; either Both
As Wisdom guides the soul, or Folly drives.
No mildew-terrours now my pleasures blast:
Nor thy sharp hand, erasing grateful sense,
Cuts the stretcht nerves of enterprizing Hope.
Thro' grief's thick mists with humble conscience pure
Wing'd Faith pervades to the all-ruling Love:
That Sun eternal! whose still faithful beams
Pierce tho' unseen exhaustless thro' the world.
Now smiles at tottering Fortune's drunken threats
My soul serene: yet o'er a brother's pains
Sweet pity sheds relieving, or on high
Seated deserying the immortal Dawn,
That to faith's strengthen'd eye opes widening views
Of Nature's works. How fruitless! How complacent!
As their prime Author good, supremely fair!
Eternal, various, infinite, one whole.

To Nature.

LET opening heaven's Glare,
Burſt of Vollies rolling wide,
Streamers dire in fell array,
Earth trembling to center convuls'd;

Let Storms on eddying rocks,
Hovering Spout's reſiſtleſs weight,
Winter's Horrours all combin'd;
Diſguiſing, fair Nature! thy Form,

Teach Guilt her pious awe.
Me let Virtue's conſcious heart,
Taſting thy revolving gifts,
Kind Nature eternal! inſpire.

To Damoeta.

LATELY in Friendſhip's ſacred Grove,
Damœta! as I ſtraying view'd
Aſcending Sol and bluſhing Spring:
Blith Fancy, caught by Nature's Bloom
Up the celeſtial realms of thought,
Soon into languor's depth relaps'd,
And penſive ſigh'd: Ah! Golden Dream!
Ah! Moral Beauties! Phantoms dim!

Or dwell, ſubſtantial Forms, above.
Ah! Where on Earth an Object fair
Might Clio's Spirit find, admire,
Admiring riſe to rage divine,
And ſteal a taſte of heaven's joy?
Soft Echo chid my impious plaint,
And Damon thrice ſalutes my ear.
Sol, witneſs of our wonted walks,
Shot on remembrance dear delight.
The conſcious Grove and craggy Falls,
All e'en the ſolemn Proſpect, ſmil'd,
Of Tombs, diſplaying Death diſarm'd.
Yet o'er the Scene, where late his Song
Rung ſo enchanting, ſilent Grief
Reign'd univerſal; ſave the Firs
In liſt'ning ſilence wont to wave,
And Brook, that oft had check'd his ſtreams.
Now with the hoarſe and plaintive Firs,
The Brook's dull murmurs join my ſighs.
Lo! too aghaſt, advancing ſlow,
Stalks Sadneſs with her doleful pipe
Of diſſ'nance harſh; and o'er me draws
Her veil of Horrours, black as Night:
But fled abaſh'd; when his free Airs,
In recollection's ear intranc'd,

To

My Damon breath'd divinely ſweet,
Dejected Fancy reinſpir'd,
And all the Graces playing round,
Deſcending high Parnaſſus' Choir
And Nature ſmiling gay applauſe,
Wing'd her aloft no common Flight.
Fear not your ear the plaintive Muſe,
Tho' ſhe revive the tender ſcenes
A Father's eaſy heart diſſolve:
Thoſe ſcenes of joy and glory paſt,
Long paſt, yet freſh to penſive Grief,
As bleſſing loſt but yeſterday.
Fear not your ear the plaintive Muſe,
Clad in no melancholy hue,
Nor opening, Sire! a feſter'd wound.
Friendſhip! How ſweet thy griefs divine!
With conſolations how imbalm'd!
But hence! who vaunt of joys complete
Ecſtatic, pure from pain or thought!
Ye Gay! Unenvied be your dream!
Come! Whoſe the ſelf-ſupporting Power
And Hopes of pious Sorrow dear!
Whoſe ear in thy triumphant ſtrains,
Thou, ſage Melpomene! enrapt'ſt:
In known example ſhewing thou
The Soul immortal, Virtue real.

To Damon. A Monody.

O'ER Nature and her child true Fancy's charms,
Bear me, ye Muſes! on your equal wing!
And Oh! my Damon for thy guiding hand!
With thee ſtill riſe my Soul calm Virtue's hill!
As erſt, when dawn'd her pure immortal Light
From Earth, Senſe, Paſſion ſlow emerging: Thou
Here her beſt Guide. Oft here our pious ſteps
Trac'd Year's prime Graces opening: vital draught
Of midday's Nectar our expanding breaſts
Chear'd, and our eyes mild Sol's aſpiring car
Irradiant. Lo! Reluctant Winter grim
Cedes to the bluſhing Spring's ſoft-breathing balms.
Th' enamour'd Monarch cent'ring th' azure vault,
Serene, or in bright clouds tranſparent veil'd,
Deſcending prone fair yielding Earth impregns,
And wings warm Fancy thro' his wide Demain.
This, Friendſhip! once thy ſacred path! Ah! Long
Untrod! O'ergrown! Our ſteps ſince here he ſaw,
Sev'n annual circuits Sol revolving flew;
Witneſs of joys like cloudy ſhadows paſt:
In learning's maze unguided, loſt, alone,
My fifth dull winter feeble Genius mourns.
How happy once! Too happy here! Nor fear'd

This

This Scene oft conſcious to his echoing ſtrains,
And my firſt raptures, e'er cou'd grief renew.
Ah! Only bleſt in future woes conceal'd
The State of Mortals! Thus of him bereft
Why frequent wander I this lonely Scene?
On every object why inchanted dwell?
In faint remembrance fondly why awake
His tender Image? Why explore him here?
Whom here my eyes ſhall never more behold.
In vain for comfort tracing here reviews
My moiſten'd eye his moral ſtrains divine.
This landſkip hence ſurveying he, Behold!
That Gothic Labour! on whoſe clouded Top
Sate Hierarchal Pride, and awful look'd
Down on the Pilgrim's ſoul as on a worm:
Who gaping ſtrains his neck and ſtaring eye,
And trembles at the ſpire aloft to heaven
Like Babel reaching, or the Papal Power;
With that ſtupendous Weight comparing, views
His little cottage, and himſelf contemns;
Penſive the paintings oft revolving reads;
Deem'd ſanctity in royal robes adores;
Or in ſweet Organ's ſolemn depth diſſolves,
Gay airs alternate waking into dance.
In Nature's night ſo ſunk the Arts, or fly

Reign'd

Reign'd o'er the world inchanting: till free Thought,
Fair Morning Star! late uſher'd Light Divine
Uncloudied, as now ſmile thy genial Beams,
O Sun! Thus he retiring. Fancy pleas'd,
Dwelt on his ſtrains, my daring pen inſpir'd,
And, (he returning,) begs his patient ear.
Her chilling fears at his approving ſmile
Bluſh'd into conſcious merit. He her flights
Check'd more inflaming; while his eaſy Muſe,
Radiant Simplicity! with thee impregn'd,
Led her enamour'd thro' the Attic Scenes.
His eye on Truth and her immortal palm
Still fixt, wou'd ſmile at low and varying taſte.
So finely labour'd, delicately ſmooth,
And rhymes melodious, tinkling cymbal's chimes;
Whoſe gentle opiate lulls the ſlumb'ring ſoul
Or Humour wakes to hiſs Goths' apiſh lore
Of th' Ancient Bards: whom on thy wide-ſpread wings,
Thou, Mem'ry! beareſt down th' immortal line;
And flattering pleas'd o'er our united Iſle
Sit in my rapture'd Fancy's liſt'ning ear:
Free as thy perſon be thy Genius free,
Earth's Envy! my Britannia! Heaven's Pride!
Thou thunderbolt World! What Landſkips yet untouch't!
Bold Freedom's mighty Spirit unconfroul'd

Works

Works in each clime, like the prolific
Eternal Beauty's ſtrife and various Summer,
Still flow perpetual from exhauſtleſs ſource,
Still in new joys immerging, Fancy glows.
Revering ſee theſe Heroes! Yet o'erawe'd
Not copying ſervile, Emulation dare.
Fear not offending. Fathers ſmile to ſee,
If catching their own Spirit Sons excel.
Ah! Damon! Now her loſs deploring feels
My Genius erring yond her narrow ſphere.
Once more to Fancy viſible infuſe
Thy modeſty, thy firmneſs, gentle Fire:
As when we riſing here devoutly ſtood,
Taking as I am now my laſt farewell;
Invoking thou the Muſes ever-bleſt:
From your fair Temple no Ambition vain
Tranſporting flatters. Filial Duty calls;
Or Duty's Inclination ſweetly draws.
Still to your charms, tho' hence retiring, true,
Mock not, Celeſtial Nine! our warm embrace.
Free as the Soul, nor pent in charter'd cells,
Springs Truth intrepid her unbounded Range.
Nor You dwell only yon above our ken,
And high on Pindus thro' the echoing Sphere,
Charm into harmony the rolling worlds:

Elſe

Elſe ſhou'd we heave Deſpair's eternal ſighs:
But gild the variegated boundleſs plain;
Scoop the deep valley green, far winding, loſt;
And the ſweet bubbling fountains, errant brooks,
Bleating hills, lowing meadows, dancing lawns,
The fold's hoarſe notes and ſky's alternate trill,
Join with your Choir in ſwelling zephyrs bland.
Oh! Still with Virtue, rural Peace, and you
Bleſt Muſes! may we live! With you enjoy
Fair Nature ever-varying! May your Fire,
Our languid Genius long in friendly Bliſs
Uniting, oft inflame! How elſe behold
Your Beauties? How your ſacred Raptures taſte?
To Truth and Virtue your whole ſpirit due
Devoting crave we: nor for Miſer's gold
Panting, or Fame's hoarſe ſhout, or Pleaſure's toys.
My Sire approving ſay, I thank thee, Son!
Still ſmile our Mothers in their pains review'd!
Bluſh none, who love us! This oh grant ye Nine!
This, for more happineſs we cannot crave.
Won by his gentle ſtrains my vital Pulſe
High beating endleſs friendſhip ſwore; nor thought
My Friend is mortal! Elſe nor then my joy,
Nor grief at Leedyate meaſure due had paſt.
There muſing, Friendſhip! on thy bliſs ſupreme

Inſpired with hope to win his generous ear:
Down dropt my trembling pen. Ne'er ſince reſum'd.
Its raptures vain! Nor more believ'd! Now ceaſe,
Said I, my ſummer-jaunts for freſh recruits
Of health and genius. Friendly joys elaps'd
Sad to review! As wont the Great to Bath:
My Damon I to thy paternal ſeat.
There other pleaſures found, and other ſmiles.
We walk'd, or read, or eſſays late prepar'd
Unjealous, frank, our critic eye review'd,
To each other candid, faithful both to Truth;
And grateful tribute paid her deathleſs Sons.
Here eaſy Plutarch prompted. Marcus here
Breath'd ſacred influence. Here flows Xenophon.
See humbled here dread Plato's lofty ſtrain.
This ſtroke to yours, my happy pencil owes.
Reflected, Sir! from your own Primal Thought.
In genius, as in heart, united ſtill
Blind to his own each ſought the common Praiſe.
So with ſtretch't eye beyond Earth's narrow bound
Mix in the public weal bleſt kindred ſouls.
My mournful viſit long in vain defer'd
T' allay or friendly or domeſtic grief,
Not ſalutation's chearful ſmiles receiv'd
And general humour. Few our words and low:

The

The Pendulum, in wonted glee unhear'd,
Meting dull time in number'd moments loud.
When faſt emerging o'er the gilded hills
Bluſh'd mild Aurora: my ſoft Lyric Touch
The Mother's ſorrow craved, and liſt'ning chear'd;
At my ſtoln graces turning dropt a tear;
Then ſmiled complacence, Sir! ſo ſung my ſon.
Now come Damæta from his morning care,
And due domeſtic incenſe breath'd to him,
Whoſe various treaſures teems the rolling Year:
Forth as we walk'd, our labouring conſcious breaſts
In funeral ſilence deep, or vague diſcourſe,
Ah! ill diſſembled ſwelling paſſion heav'd!
Each riſing object telling pleaſures paſt;
In vain her gifts glad Autumn ſhed around,
And Sun! thy pitying radiance chear'd in vain.
As where we oft had charm'd his liſt'ning ear,
Muſing reclin'd beneath the ſacred Tree,
Whoſe fruit once Damon offering: Taſte how ſweet!
Yet overluſcious no diſreliſh leaves
On ſated palate: ſweet as Virtue's joys:
Here as we paſt, Damæta calmly look'd
Now on our wonted Harbour, now the Tree,
Now upward turn'd his eye: mine bluſh'd at ſight
Of ſo much piety; doubtful in grief

Or holy joy to ſympathize. He ſigh'd;
But ſigh'd as Saints for their immortal bliſs:
Nor ſpake, ſave what the ſcene, a Father's look,
And the deep ſolemn ſilence all combin'd,
Sung to my Fancy this ſelf-healing plaint:
See Patience! this of all my Orchard vaunts;
The faireſt, my own planting, wont to ſhade
Erſt with wide fragrance its young ſmiling Lord.
How ſtands! How flouriſhes! From ſtrengthen'd bole
Thick branches upward ſhooting all around;
Tho' early fruit uncommon bore, ſtill bears,
And bowing tenders its delicious gold.
Where He then we with growing pleaſure rear'd?
Whoſe ſtill improving, tho' accompliſh'd lore
With every joy can bleſs parental heart,
All our fond labours dutiful o'erpaid.
In him my youthful vigour I renew'd
Nor fear'd I age; nor its increaſing ills.
But he is gone. And, Age! how faſt it comes!
With its increaſing evils! Dreadful Train!
Ah! Such a Son: And is my ſon deſtroy'd?
Blaſted my Son by Light'ning's angry flaſh?
Up by the root from God's Creation torn?
Nor then tranſplanted to ſome kindlier ſoil.
And Virtue's Form a ſhadow? Heaven a dream?

His

His life and mine in a deluſion ſpent?
To this whole world the future give the lie?
Here Goodneſs ſmile? Confuſion there deſtroy?
Flat Contradiction! Impious Diſbelief!
Pour on a Father's heart thy cordial drops,
Sweet Hope! Oh ſtill may ſov'reign Goodneſs ſhine
Clear in my faith, tho' dark to mortal eye!
Nor, Hope! diſdain to eaſe a friendly pain!
Early from pious lips my docile ear
Learn'd, Friendſhip is immortal. So perſuade
My beating boſom and uplifted eyes.
But Friendſhip or diſſolves or mutual binds.
Hence live both Parties. Hence my Damon thou!
Whoſe hand here once, but ah! thy footſteps now
My only guide! Ah! Cruel Air and falſe!
Tainted with fever's peſtilential breath!
Where was thy vital draught? For purer breaſt
Thou coudſt not fill, nor play around a heart,
Whoſe generous ardour beat more equal pulſe.
Thou, who inviſible his mortal ſteps
Conducted, what avail'd thy Guardian-Power?
When the bleſt Saints divine permiſſion gain'd,
Rob'd the poor Earth and ſnatch'd him to their Choir.
Thro' breaſt Angelic ſhoots then Envy's ſting?
Or human race o'erlooking Worth Divine

Meant

Meant they to puniſh? Juſtice too ſevere!
For all who knew him lov'd. Inceſſant flows
My pious grief for loſt companion dear,
Experienc'd Guide, ye Nine! to your delights.
Immortal Queen! Melpomene! Inſpire
Some grateful tribute to the honour'd Shade.

EPITAPH.

The Relicks here of HOLLAND's mortal mould.
Go to his Writings. There his Heart explore.
Fair Portrait they! His Spirit, how more fair!
Unſtain'd! Accompliſh'd! Still improving faſt!
Mercy inviting, flew to a happier clime,
Shooting enlarg'd thro' Wiſdom's milky way,
Progreſſive, elſe no joy cou'd find in Heaven.

Sacred to the MEMORY of PURCEL.

FORBEAR great Fancy! nor diſſolve
My trembling frame. Apollo's ſelf
See in yon radiant Glow inſhrin'd!
Around him to the dancing Spheres,
Himſelf e'en mov'd, the tuneful Nine
Play, and enchanting hark! invite
To Chorus. Purcel! Come along,
And with thee all the Powers of ſong.

The

The WISH.

'VAUNT thou deſultory Wit!
Reaſon's ſquintey'd Baſtard-Child!
'Vaunt low Fancy's gilded Toys!
Brood of Mammon Senſe and Earth!
'Vaunt the Virtuoſo's Dreams
Loſt in eaſy Virtue's charms,
Airy wiſhes, ſluggard vows!
Fair as pearls of morning-dew
And as pearls of morning vain:
Dying at approach of Day.
'Vaunt the Proteus of a mind
Now an angel, now a brute.
Wiſdom! Lend thy viſual ray:
Lend O Heaven! thy ſteady light:
Truth! thy mirrour juſt and clear;
Virtue! thy long goodly Train:
Fame! thy ſweet arrouzing Trump:
Immortality! thy Views:
Friendſhip! thy uniting Force:
Graces! your unutter'd Charms:
Now my Lyre! thy ſofteſt Touch;
Now thy bolder Swell ſublime:

Sweeping

Sweeping free th' harmonic Scale.
Ever varying, ever ſweet,
Melt me now the dying Soul
Into Elyſium's peaceful Trance;
Now the throbbing Boſom work
In wild Diſcord's Harmony,
And each raviſh'd Faculty
Tear with more than mortal Bliſs.
So the Muſe in Nature's ſphere
Eyeing thee, prime Source of good!
Shall combining all her powers,
Run her glorious Orbit fixt
Conſtant, ſtill with quicken'd zeal:
Shall Creation's beauties range,
Rapt thro' intellectual worlds:
Shall the ſcatter'd ſparks on Earth
Shot from Heaven's eternal Sun,
Draw collecting to a Blaze;
Fire the Youth of noble mind
Emulating worth divine;
And the Souls heroic join
Firm in Friendſhip's holy bands,
Strong as th' Univerſal Chain:
Nor e'er Virtue die unſung.

To the Muse

On late ſtudying the Oriental Languages.

AH! Muſe condemn'd to Eaſtern Mines!
Fit penance for thy ſliding Hours
On pleaſure's lap, or thorny ſloth
Self-torment of Ambition vain.
Oh! Had thy Vernal Powers imbib'd
Seeds of primœval Truth divine!
Not more elate the lab'ring Swain
Or when he opes o'erflowing rills,
Views the tall graſs of meadows green,
Its waving ſurface, changing hue;
Or views around his golden plains
Bowing ſurcharg'd in thick array;
Nor upward lifts more thankful Eyes:
Than thou, in fervours not devoid
Of ſacred influence, oft hadſt ſung
The fair inſpiring landſkip wide
Of Wiſdom infinite reveal'd,
This Sphere uprifing at a word,
Dread Juſtice ſoft'ning into Grace,
And in Iſaia's Viſion rapt
Glad Earth exulting into Heaven.

To The Hon. CHARLES YORKE, Eſq;

THE Muſe her future Name
Reads in, Yorke! thy critic Eye,
Bleſt in thy auſpicious ſmile,
Still ſtriking to Virtue her lyre.

There circumſcribe the wiſh!
Virtue warns; and checks my voice,
Ah! yet not Ambition's ſigh
For thine and Apollo's applauſe.

Oh! Beam thy ſmiling aid!
Dewy damps of midnight-ſloth
Thy enliv'ning ray ſhall clear,
Triumphant as Orient Sun!

Shall up to Zenith ſnatch
Fancy's ſtrengthen'd Eye to view
Nature's Univerſal Glow.
Imbibing her genial Fire

(Sweet ſympathy divine!)
Shall my Heart's enraptur'd Thought
Prompt my voluntary Lips
Immortal and varying Strains.

FINIS.